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BALPH PULITEER, President, 63 Park Row, J. ANGUS SHAW, Treasurer, 63 Park Row, SEPH PULITEER, Jr., Secretary, 63 Park Row,

MORGAN'S NEW BANK IDEA.

DLANS of the new building for the bank of J. P. Morgan & Co. include bedrooms, baths, dirring rooms and a terrace garden on the roof, where lunch may be taken in the open, with a view not rivalled elsewhere on earth or even in a vision of the night. This is in line with the increasing demand for horse comforts in all dings except those designed for spartment houses. We get baths, me, dining room in most clubs and in a good many schools and loual churches. Department stores have them in many instances. When bunks lead the way, shops and factories will follow. The home building being virtually discarded streedy, the home idea Stock may soon vanish. Every man will carry his wardrobe in his and sleep where night surprises him, be it in bank, church, tre or shop. Mr. Mergan with his innovation will, in fact, unmble the household. He may be known to America so the man that put the home in the merges.

PARK ORDINANCES AND FLOWERS.

INCUSSING parks and flowers before the local branch of the Metional Plant, Flower and Fruit Guild, Park Commissioner Stover said the people of this city have never taken the park seriously and have not cared whether park ordinances are enforced or not. Thereupon Mr. Edward W. Bok declared the only wrong is that the city government has never put the people "on their honor."

He told how he had planted 10,000 daffodils and 18,000 croouses

outside a hedge that girdles his place near Philadelphia, with the sign: These flowers are under the protection of the public;" and not one was touched. He finished with an avowal of a fine faith that a like tender care would be taken of flowers in our park if only the police would let the people alone with the blossoms and their honor.

The view is excellent; it is pleasing to learn there are some things Philadelphians won't steal. Meantime, however, we have in our parks some ordinances as well as many flowers, and Commissioner Stover is right—we wish to enforce the laws as well as grow the daffodils.

MAYOR GAYNOR'S HALF WISDOM.

AYOR GAYNOR, in a letter to a gentleman of Kaness opposing any popular right of recall of Judges or other officials, says: "We have officials enough now giving way to the clamor and abuse of demagogue scamps; and past history illustrates to us that popular damor is almost always wrong." Then he adds: "As you well know, out in Kansas, a stridulent grasshopper in the angle of a fence makes more noise than the noble herd of cattle nearby."

The value of these truths is diminished to a half by the known facts that of recent years in this country politics has gone awry, not so much because of official yielding to demagogues and ecampe as to official subserviency to big interests. Moreover, past history illustrates that plutocratic intrigue is wrong more often than popular clamor. As to the grasshopper and his voice, it is to be borne in mind that the vocal power is by no means dependent upon any aid that comes from a fence corner. He could be just as stridulent if perched in a mayor's chair in Kansas-or in New York.

WHERE WE DIFFER FROM THE FRENCH.

HE installation of a new President in France has been con-"insuguration" in this country. There was no pompous 66 ENTS to see you!" said the de of prominent citizens, officials, clubs and organizations whose here do not know how to march; hardly how to walk. No long said: "Two guys wantcha! meenh that nobody heard.

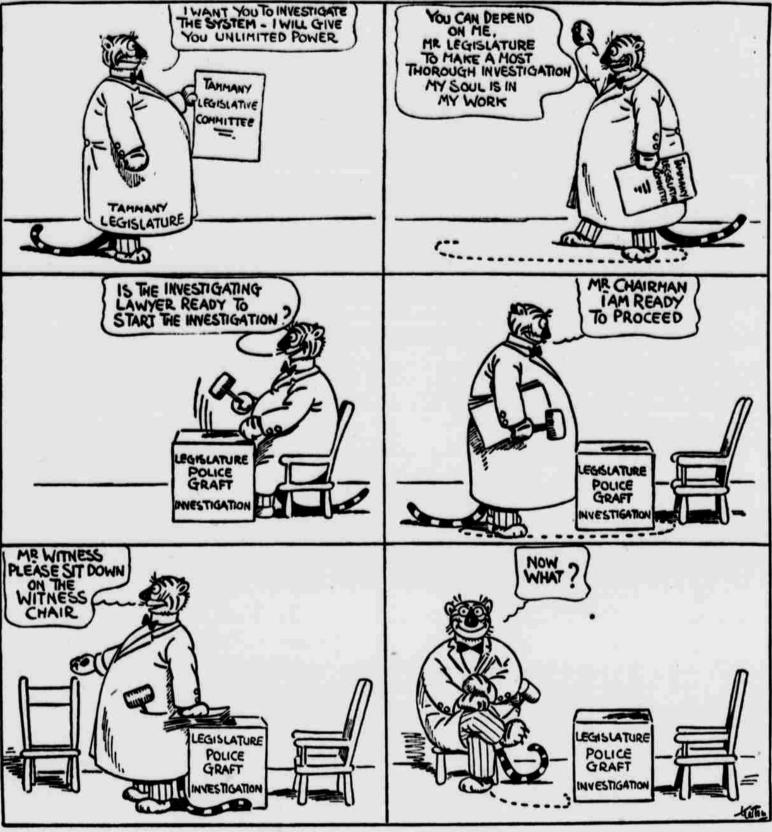
A small body of trained troops escorted the incoming and retiring much from the boar's office to the office of the various heads of departments that it was his opinion that Mr. Jarr thursdown the streets took off their nesegays and flung them in the car-had brought up the business.

Mr. Jarr thursdore saud, "Show 'em A small body of trained troops escorted the incoming and retiring more elaborate bouquets were tossed from windows. A in!" in his best businessilke manner. And in a minute the office boy was back with Mr. Dinkston. Counsellor Casadinaled above the crowds. Then, in a concourse of 8,000 people, the bianca McKlew and a compous and imretiring President said to his successor: "I transfer to you the powers portant looking personage of stately size of state." The new President, pale but restrained in his emotion, The office boy drew up chairs, and a answered: "I consecrate myself to the service of the Republic." That

That is charming in France, but it would not be charming to us if tried at Washington. We like to be in the procession. Women bowed unctuously, "Prof. Slurk?"

"Do you not remember attending one of my revival services in Brooklyn with of their own on the day before. It isn't pretty, but it is haloyon and your delightful and charming mother-in-law, your gracious and refined wife and your intelligent and most interest-

Can You Beat It? @ ____ Dy Maurice Ketten



Jarr ily

"Surely you cannot have forgotten the good work, the great work of Sam Slurk, the Boy Evangelist, when allied with Prof. Greece, the Singing Pilgrim!"
Here the ex-Boy Evangelist handed
Mr. Jarr a large card on which was en-

> SAMUEL SHOTWELL SLURK, President and Chairman Board of International Pinancing Securities Cable address "Blurkshot."

Mr. Jarr Is Confronted by Three Mysterious Strangers

head of the Legal Department of the McGlew, "but de racto he is non est unInternational Financing Securities Syndicate, agreed with me—I am head of
the Publicity Department—you should be
let in on the ground floor."

"Well, what do you want with me-I"
asked Mr. Jarr.

"Well, what do you want with me-I"
asked Mr. Jarr.

"Would you mind giving me the card "Do you think we have come to get back?" asked the President of the Interpour order for engraving work?" asked national Financing Securities Syndicate. Mr. Slurk severely. "We, come, sir, on nervousty. "It's a genuine engraved a matter of millions, sir, millions! Do card, and not, sir, a printed card at 20 you think, sir, that three such live-wires

of an engraved oard!"

"Yes," apoke up Mr. Michael Angelo "A lawyer may have his office in his binkaton, "Counsellor MoGlew, who is hat," as the saying is," added Counsellor

cents per hundred, including case. I of finance, the law and literature as saw a fifty million dollar deal orabbed—
I should say nullified—all for the west G.ew and Michael Angelo Dinkston are eddling engraved visiting or business energies and financial interest in a 80,-000,000 corporation—the United Shoe-string Vending Company. And yet, sir, you tell us you cannot give us an order for a two dollar copperplate!
"But!" added Mr. Slurk impressively

"A penny saved is a penny gained. A five and ten cent store company has built and owns a building that will sent desk room to dealers in diamonds— An engraved card, even when the plate is paid for, costs a cent each."
"Well, what is it you," Mr. Jarr hesitated a minute, "gentlemen want?"
"We want you to meet the Board of
Directors of the United Shoestrings

pany," said Mr. Slurk,

Vending Company, a new corporation we are financing, at the offices of the In-

"Well, put on your hats!" said Mr

HB average man considers a woman's love such a "priceless" treasure that he always expects to get it for nothing.

The only safe ship on which to embark on the sea of Matrimony it FRIENDSHIP, with Love for the sail and Respect for the anchor.

No. Dearle, a literary genius isn't looking for an intellectual mate; what he needs to a mate with an tran-clad constitution, insulated nerves and full enough intelligence to ory "Hear, hear!" every time he opens his mouth.

When a woman can't cry, life losse half its attraction for her; it is the mly thing worse then not having a nice, broad shoulder to cry on.

The most difficult thing in mythology for men to understand is why Orpheus should have gone all the way to Hell in search of his own wife,

The Hottentof's method of proposing to a girl, by knocking her senseless and dragging her off by the hair, may have been a little rougher than the modern man's veiled Mints, but at least she had the satisfaction of knowing that he was serious.

A man considers that his wife is simply eaten up with feminine curiosity if she can't woit to read her letters until he has finished thom.

When a woman tells a man that she loves him he considers the question settled forever; but a man's heart to so much like the weather that a women is filled with miserable doubts unless she has daily bulletins of the ten-

The best way to hold a lover: Hold him at a distance.

Joaquin Miller, a Son of the Sierras

By Albert Payson Terhune

Copyright, 1913, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World). A POURTEEN-YEAR-OLD Indiana boy decided he did not want to go to school. So he solved the problem by running away. This w as in 1255. And during the next few years he was Californian gold miner, Mexican vaquero, adopted member of an Indian tribe and one of Walker's Nicaraguan expedition firebrands. The boy was Cincinnatus Heine Miller, son of a schoolmaster, a coust of Gen. Burnside and Apostle of the Unusual. Even when he so far subdued his wanderlust as to study law and beco a member of the Oregon bar he was always on the eide of the lawiese and irregular. He even adopted the first name of Joaquin Murietta, a Mexican bandit whom he had defended. Throwing over his practice he became successively a miner, an express messanger, a country editor, a frontier Judga. There was ink in his veins as well as adventure-love. And he soribbled verse

And I have said, and I say it ever, As the years go on and the world goes over, 'Twere better to be content and clever

Twere better to be content and clever

In the tending of cattle and the tossing of clover,

In the graving of cattle and growing of grain,

Than a strong men striving for fame or gain.

For we promise so great of glory and gold

And we gain so little the hands grow cold.

For what is it all, in the words of fire,

But a vering of soul and a vain desire?

This, in his "Songs of the Slerran," may have represented Miller's philosophy of life. But most assuredly he never lived up to it. A fire within keps goading him on to achievement. And every setback sent him forward with redoubled force. Not a publisher in America would touch his poetry. So Miller carried his verses to England.

carried his verses to England.

There in a day he sprang to fame and was halled as "The American Byron." Queen Victoria, after one look at the uncouth, share-bearded figure in its elaborately rugged cordurous and high boots, nicknamed him "the Grand Old Man of the Mountains." To all this adulation, Miller was—outwardly—deaf; sag-

"I owe no white man anything at all. The Indians are my true friends." Back to America he came. And is a twist of philanthropy he built country place, "The Hights," on top of an almost inaccessible Californi

"That man who lives for self alone.

Lives for the meanest mortal known," he wrote.

And he tried to live up to it. But the tramps rebbed him and the worn-out sets proved little more worthy. So the scheme was abandoned and The Hights became merely an eyrie for his own restless spirit. There he lived, wrote and dreamed, trying to shape his life on Nature and once curing himself of paralysis by a John-the-Baptistlike diet of honey and hominy. Seldom in late years did he mingle with the outer world. His "Songs of the Sierras," "Songs of Mexican Seas," his play, "The Danites," and accres of other works kept his fame ever before the public. Partly, perhaps, as a poss, partly from tendency, he maintained throughout life dis claim to the title of "Apostle of the Unusual." And he had no trouble in making the world take him at his own face value. Openly be ensered at notoriety, declaring:

"I but sing for the love of song and the few Who loved me first and shall love me last."

The Day's Good Stories

Somewhat Costly.

Emergy! What of My This morning to more a penny I tried to blacken my own boots. My everyween full on the floor, my broom broke, my collar was utterly ruined, and in etooping over a crished three first-class cigum. What of M, indeed! That shine cost me one pound three-said.

Pat Knew the Answer. A N Irishman was newly employed at a lumb office. The proprietors of the comparate power young men and decided to be come fur with the new Irish hand. Patrick we duly left in charge of the office, with Instantions to take all orders which mighs come further their absence.

Going to a nearby drug store they preceded to call up the lumber company's office and the following convenience ensued: "Hollo! In this the East Olde Lumber Com-

"Stare, That's what I'm hars for.
"Bare, That's what I'm hars for.
"Please send in up a thousand h
"What's that!"
"One thousand knotholes."
"Well, now, an ain't that a big I'm sarry, but we are just aut."

An Original Plea

Be to one

Irish Love Song & By Eugene Geary

Copyright, 1918, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World). F I said your cheeks shamed the red | Sure, your bright, winnin' smill your soft, ripplin' laughter roses' brightness, An' your step was a match for

your bosom of love like the ocean

From castle-famed Blarney

wide, oily smile worked up from the centre of the fat face of the stranger with the trie and lost itself at his car O, sunny-haired darlin', O, No wondher the village maids call you their queen;

G office boy.

But Mr. Jarr in his pursuit of a rais

hereafter. An' here in our home

> Love's soft-tinted rainbow shall round us ever-

The woodland may But this true heart shall never

From constancy sever,

To lovely Killarney, You're fairest an' awestest, my But the three visiting magnates and Mr. Jarr followed them out. Great Idea Jerry Community 1818. 0 SAY FRIEND DO NOT ALLOW WARD:13. (MARMLESS) POOR FELLOW YOURSELF TO BECOME, SO DEPRESSED HE HE AINT THE NUT DESPONDENT ! - WHEN YOU ARE FEELING BLUE DO AS I DO BE HERRY BLITHE AND GAY. DEAR ME! THEY SEEMS! -THEY SENT ME FOR CHEER HIM UP BECOME MORE CAREFREE THINK IM CRAZY BUT HE BELONGS THIS CATCHIN ALL RIGHT I WISH MY MHOOD, DE - DEE C CONTINO FRIENDS WOULD COME BUGS SULLIVAN

the 23d of March? MRS. S. A. JOHNSON. The "Inside" Wheels.

To the Editor of The Eviling World: In the case of an automobile run ning on a straight, smooth, level track and entering a circular curve, which track, the inside wheels or the outside wheels? JOHN F. M.

Letters From the People.

In 1656.

As to the Goldfish.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
A reader asks for information on coping goldfish alive in a steam heated flat. My aquarium contains gravel, obbles and plants. I feed the fish every day with a little piece of the fish food about the size of half a cent. It can be bought in any bird store. I never change the water except when I have to move, which happened last year in May. If the water evaporates I fill the squarium up with fresh water. but I wait until it is about two o three inches from the top. I five

had my fish about five years and all are healthy. MRS. A. FREUND.